

THE

QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS, AND PUBLISHERS



Photo by Kendrick Kimball, Detroit News

25 Cents

A Matter of Make-up

JULY, 1940

THE QUILL

A MAGAZINE FOR WRITERS, EDITORS AND PUBLISHERS

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Editorial Office
14891 Artesian Avenue
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Office of Publication
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AT DEADLINE

By R. L. P.

TWO mighty interesting stories concerning the late Lucius W. Nieman, former publisher of the *Milwaukee Journal* and creator of the Nieman Foundation by which outstanding newspapermen are selected each year for fellowships at Harvard, come to this department from Chase S. Osborn, first national honorary president of Sigma Delta Chi, former Governor of Michigan and outstanding figure in many fields.

The first story tells how Lute Nieman, whom Gov. Osborn knew as a boy, with the aid of Harry Cary, put over on the *Milwaukee Republican-News* one of the most successful fake traps ever perpetrated on a newspaper.

Jesse James, the outlaw, had been raiding various parts of Wisconsin, even coming to the environs of Milwaukee. One night the *Milwaukee Sentinel*, of which Nieman was managing editor, went to press with a front-page story, under screaming headlines, that James and his gang had robbed all the banks and wealthy people of Waukesha and perpetrated all the other things usually attending such performances.

About 100 papers were run off. One copy was delivered quickly to the *Republican-News*. That outfit, relates the Sage of 'Possum Poke in 'Possum Lane, bit voraciously. They had newsboys on the street within a short time crying "JESSE JAMES ROBS AND BURNS WAUKESHA."

"Jesse James was in Missouri at the time of the fake holdup story," Mr. Osborn continues. "The *Sentinel* was on the streets quickly, calling attention to the whole thing, telling what the *Republican-News* had done and had been doing, and declaring that the paper was a thieving fraud, not to be trusted. It really killed the *Republican-News* and it did not take long for its owners to buy out the *Sentinel* at a big price."

Nieman, however, didn't go over to the new owners. He couldn't have if he had wanted to, they were so sore at him over the fake. Instead, he and Mike Krause bought the *Chronicle*, which they renamed the *Milwaukee Journal*.

THE second story from the Osborn pen pertaining to Nieman, follows:

"Fred Burgin, who had come up from the *Chicago News*, with a frail body and a bespectacled countenance, to show the Dutch boys how to run a newspaper, fell afoul of Lute Nieman. It was no use telling any of them that Milwaukee was German and not Dutch. That only made friction.

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Edward Price Bell

WHAT is modern American journalism's most serious single loss?

That of anonymity, I should say.

Anonymity inhered in the editor, and the editor, as a moral and intellectual force, was the product of himself and his environment: his own endowment and the influences, psychic and physical, which encompassed him. His authority and action, that is to say, issued from a union of inheritance and acquirement. His voice was that not of an individual but of men and things composite. He spoke as the trustee of traditions, principles, and responsibilities transcending singleness of personality. He spoke as an institution.

THAT was why he was greater than his successor of today. He was greater because he was more than a man. He was an epitome of men and things, and being such had a peculiarly high impersonal sense of accountability to what had preceded him, to his colleagues past and present, and especially to the sole source of his paper's life, the public.

He was as nearly selfless as a man can be. He outshone any of the illustrious personalities of journalism as personalities, Walter, Delane, Scott, Northcliffe overseas, Greeley, Dana, Pulitzer, Watterson, Lawson here. These men, great indeed as individuals, claimed their places in history as editors, with all an editor's extra-personal identity and power.

Very largely the modern editor has climbed out of his high pulpit. And when he climbed out he left that pulpit empty. He shed the mantle of his anonymity and with it his extraordinary degree of impersonality and social consciousness. From a big and powerful complexity he shrank to the proportions of a man, an individual, and began at once to show the mannerisms, the ambitions, the vanities, the frailties of the individual.

We hear, and know we hear, the admonitions and urgings not of the histori-

Let the Press Regain Its Voice—

By EDWARD PRICE BELL

cal institution of journalism but of a more or less able and high-minded personality, a man who thinks of himself when he writes, and of whom we think when we read. It is not the old thing at all. The beguiling veil has been torn away. The power of mystery has vanished and with it the substance of what the editor of tradition was.

RE-ANOINT the King!

Not all the waters of the rough rude sea can wash the balm from an anointed King, but the experience of his valet can and does. If we are going to have journalistic Kings we want them to keep their anointment. That will be better alike for them and for us. They will be back in the high pulpit, wiser for it, more unselfish. And we shall be the readier to hear what they say and the more likely to profit by it. We have no particular fondness for Sermons on the Mount from preachers who stand in the plain. They are too near us and too much like us, notably in our faults.

On first blush it might seem the columnists have taken the high pulpit of the Editors of old. They have not. They are even more perniciously personal than the self-assertive modern editorial generalissimos. And of these they have not a tenth of the ability.

Many of them are mere lingo-slingers. Not one of them, I think, has the greatness of character or the distinction of intellect to warrant the presumption of

daily pouring out counsel to the American people. All right they may be in their several incidental ways. We scarcely can expect to be drinking perpetually at ethical and mental fountains of pure gold. But any sort of tolerable substitute for the editors of the Great Tradition the columnists never can be. In institutionalism only have we escape from the shallowness and the presumptuous egoism of the personal equation.

America, for example, took refuge in constitutionalism as a fortification against the effronteries of individual man.

ANONYMITY in journalism has its most impressive symbol today in that greatest of newspapers, the London *Times*. *The Times* is by no means at the head of the world's Press wholly because of anonymity. Many names appear in it. Wonderful letter-writers, for instance, add luster to it. But *The Times* itself has but one voice, and that voice is anonymous. No one man, no distinct ego, is visible through the fissures of the editorial structure. It is *The Times* speaking. It is a renowned institution speaking. It is, in a sense, History speaking. And all Europe, all the world, listens.

That is my idea of great journalism.

American journalism at this moment is introspective. Well may it be, for never in the past was its competition so formidable as it is now. Things live or die on their merits.

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REPEATED assertions have been made since the last presidential campaign that the press has lost its prestige with the public, that it no longer wields the power to influence public opinion that it once did. Various reasons for the decline have been offered, various solutions for the problem suggested.

In the accompanying article, Edward Price Bell, long a distinguished foreign correspondent, voices his belief the principal loss the press has undergone has been its editorial anonymity. He declares the voice of the individual newspaper or of the press as a whole should be institutional, therefore stronger and more significant.

Mr. Bell, who told in the April Quill how Lord Northcliffe broke the censor's blackout in Britain in the last World War, served the Chicago Daily News as general manager of its special foreign service and as London correspondent for 23 years following experience on *Terre Haute*, Indianapolis, Evansville and St. Louis papers, as well as his own country weekly. Now living in Gulfport, Miss., he is lecturing and freelancing.

Man to Man, You Higher-Ups in Journalism, What Chance Is There For Us Office Boys?

By ZARKO FRANKS

EDITORIAL rooms of the nation's newspapers are today confronted with a serious problem—what to do with copy boys?

Do these unknowns in the journalistic world have any chance of breaking into the throne room of the reporter's sanctum sanctorum? The trouble is that editors scarcely give their copy or office boys a thought.

And why should they? The copy boy is generally regarded with scant respect by the reportorial staff. He is oftentimes looked on as an illiterate. Despite the fact, you'll be surprised how much Nietzsche, Voltaire and Schopenhauer some of these boys can quote and discuss with ease. The paramount flaw is that editors rarely give their copy boys a break. To wit, the copy boy is rarely sent on a small assignment to give him a broader outlook on the paper.

Consequently, the prestige of the copy boys is virtually nil, although the majority of them continue to possess an urge to someday become writers or copy readers.

YET, in my opinion, the newspaper affords fairly decent opportunities for a level-headed, clear-thinking youth, say, recently out of high school. But it's the office or copy boy himself who must be aggressive, continually ask questions and plead with sports editors and city editors to permit him to handle small assignments.

THE QUILL has presented articles on almost every phase of journalism in the last 10 years or so—covers a wide range of journalistic topics and problems in a single year—but this is the first time, to our knowledge, that the magazine has presented an article on that "forgotten man of journalism," the office boy.

It is still possible, in many newspaper offices, for the old story of office boy-to-editor to be repeated. In many others, particularly on the big metropolitan papers, it is more or less impossible today as newspapers demand—and get—better educated and better trained men.

Zarko Franks, 19 years old, is an office boy on the Galveston Daily News. After a year in that capacity he feels that too many office boys are "neglected, snubbed and stepped on," yet, at the same time, he feels that an ambitious boy who keeps his eyes open can hope to advance into the higher brackets of journalism.

Perhaps his appeal for a "break" for the "boys" will bring him and his fellow copy boys more consideration and opportunity.

No editor's heart is a chunk of steel. He knows you're trying to get ahead. So wot-in-ell—it's no skin off his back. He'll test you out. You turn in a good story and he'll give you another shot. Finally you'll cash in on a by-line and shake hands with yourself. Meanwhile the M. E. also reads the sheet. It's part of his job to know the kind of work his reporters and desk men are turning out. The M. E. will see that seven point bold face slug, which reads, say "Joe Doaks." And it's a ten to one shot he'll grin and mumble to himself: "I'll have to keep my eye on that boy."

The managing editors of most papers, I know as a fact, will rarely convert a college student into an office boy. Because the editor knows the pride of the collegian will be justly stunned. Also, the college journalism graduate or student will not, generally speaking, stoop to the office boy's position in an editorial room unless he is informed that he is in line for a cinch promotion.

EVERY newsman today knows the scarcity of promotions. Managing editors juggle figures in their sleep and plot means to cut down expenses in their department. "Three men on the sports desk. Hell, we'll have to do with two. The business office is crying its heart out. I hate to lay Maguire off, but it's gotta be done or the company's books will begin showing red ink."



Zarko Franks

So Maguire's called into the executive's office. The funeral details are threadbare. "Sorry, Maguire. We're going to have to let you go. Your work has been excellent. We'll gladly furnish recommendations. . . ."

That's what an office boy has to fight. He watches a steady influx of college journalism graduates seeking work. He knows applications are rotting in files. The phrase "newspapermen are a dime a dozen," is incessantly ringing in his ears.

Many copy boys expel the clatter of the city room from their brains and turn other ways for livelihood. Few remain with a secret ambition seething in them. They idolize the fast-talking sports writer. They have a yearning to become police reporters some day or maybe copy readers, despite the fact they shudder at the thought of poring over some other fellow's copy.

HOW can we boys prove to the boss that we've got something on the ball? I think I've hit on the solution. It's placing me steadily ahead and I keep telling myself I'll get a break.

Of course you'll have to sacrifice a few hours' sleep. You won't be able to read all the best sellers. Dates are definitely out. But you want to become a newspaperman don't you? You've got to lead an abnormal life.

It all depends on your aggressiveness and determination to learn the newspaper business the hard way, if you haven't got the monetary means to enter college.

Here's how I'm getting along and it might prove interesting to more than one copy boy whose ambition is slowing dying. Incidentally, the financial problem works out all right, too.

When Albert Reese came to the Galveston Daily News (replacing Bill Van Fleet, who snapped at an offer from the

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THE QUILL for July, 1940

I'm Preaching What I Practiced—

This Former Newspaperman Tells Why He Likes Being a Journalism Teacher

By JOSEPH B. COWAN

SINCE being graduated from high school in 1924, I have attended college five years and four summers, have edited weekly newspapers for five years, and have taught journalism in colleges for six years. I want to write this article while my program of activities is rather evenly balanced in the learning, practicing, and teaching phases.

Most of the teachers of journalism I know have been practicing newspapermen and when they are asked if they would rather teach journalism than do actual newspaper work, they invariably give an affirmative answer. The reasons given for the desirability of teaching are expressed in various ways but the majority of answers are similar in meaning.

These reasons can be outlined and condensed into a central theme: Teaching involves working with ambitious young people who are not to be discouraged by the anxieties and vicissitudes which may befall them in the future. A student, no matter what his age may be, is forever seeing a pot of gold at the end of his academic rainbow and it is surprising to observe how many actually find their rewards in one form or another.

NOW I do not belong to the school of thought that the teaching of journalism has grown beyond the needs of the profession. When I say this, I am not speaking for the textbooks but for the section of the country in the wide open spaces of the Southwest where new newspapers are being launched and where the existing ones are adding competent college-trained workers to their staffs.

There may be a surplus of newspaper workers in Syracuse, Milwaukee or Atlanta and in other places where the daily newspapers have been consolidated but in the growing sections of the nation, newspapers are still being born and the success of each season's spawning depends upon the competency of the staff which issues the newspaper.

Out of the 14 students who were graduated from the Department of Journalism at Texas Technological College in 1939, all are either employed or continuing their education with graduate studies. Within a 150-mile radius of Lubbock, the home of Texas Tech, new towns are being built, cattle ranches are being subdivided into farms, oil fields are being discovered, and a new frontier is being colonized.

This area offers opportunities for additional newspapers and expansion of the present ones which necessarily result in employment for our graduates. During the past few years one oil town has established two daily newspapers, another has expanded its weekly into a semi-weekly, several have increased the frequency of publication from weekly to daily.

From the class of 1939 graduates, two girls are society editors on small dailies, one girl is engaged in publicity work and two are teaching journalism in high schools; of the boys in the class, one is a sports writer, another a photographer-sports writer, another a weekly newspaper editor, and several students are employed by the Lubbock *Avalanche-Journal*, which publishes a morning-afternoon edition in this city of 40,000. This



Joseph B. Cowan

newspaper runs from 12 to 20 and more pages twice daily and carries the largest volume of business of any newspaper between Fort Worth and El Paso in the West Texas area. More than 800 new residences were built in this city during the past year which illustrates how this section is growing.

But so much for the chamber of commerce statistics. Since this section of the country is on an elevated section known as the caprock, the terrain is smooth and one's vision is enhanced by the distant horizon and the sun-swept atmosphere. So it is with the individuals who live here; they are inclined to envision new possibilities and growth. This spirit of optimism characterizes a section of the country which is constantly developing and offers an opportunity for young ambitious college graduates.

ALTHOUGH the teacher of journalism takes a pride in recalling the success of his students, the actual part he has had in their individual achievements is sometimes exaggerated, but this fact is predominant: a certain degree of guidance, together with the cultivation of ambition in students, is easily accomplished because the student is in a receptive frame of mind.

Have you seen very many students who did not think that they were going to achieve great success after graduation? It is much easier to tell a student that he is going to succeed than to tell him that he will not. The student will not place a dunce cap on his head willingly even if he does rate under 50 on his I. Q.

I have always tried to train my students for the task which is at hand and not to paint fantastic pictures for them about the exceptions in this great game of life. Students ambitious to become columnists

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THESE slants on the teaching of journalism as a career will be particularly interesting to readers of *The Quill*, we feel, because they come from a man who spent five years in newspaper work. They explain why he and other men find their classrooms fully as interesting as the city rooms of papers they once served.

Joseph B. Cowan received his bachelor of journalism degree from the University of Missouri in 1929, a master's degree from the same institution in 1932. He taught journalism for four years at Texas Christian University, Fort Worth; edited the prize-winning *San Saba (Texas) Star* for four years; was manager of the *Pico (Calif.) Times Post* for more than a year and then joined the journalism staff at Texas Technological College, Lubbock, Texas.

He has done further graduate work at the University of Missouri on a Ph.D. degree and resumed his work there this summer.

SO you lose your job. So your fine professional integrity rebels at writing a perjured front-page promotion story for a guy who's a thief and whose product is rotten, and who's using a hundred inches every other day to lie to the public about it. You tell the publisher to take his dashed business office musts and go to hades, and you find yourself out on the proverbially cold pave with a week's wages in your pocket and no notice.

An hour ago you were managing editor of a struggling little small-town daily, a guy with a place in the community—who even gleaned an occasional "he's got something on the ball—he's doing a nice job of the *Times*—he'll go places in this writing game." Now you're a bum. Now you're a hot-head who popped off and got canned.

Scores of acquaintances—business proprietors and little big-shots in the community—men you met eye to eye yesterday, can't see you today. You've turned out to be a flop in your own trade; why should they gamble on the vague possibility of your making good anywhere else?

You're out on your ear. Still, you're not married and—to be redundant—have no kiddies to support, and it could be a lot worse. But there's a pretty chilly feeling in the pit of your stomach and it's about all you can do to calmly pull yourself together and say, "Now, old boy, is the time for you to take a good mental workout. The hour has come for you to do a bit of serious scrimmaging with the old gray matter." What are you going to do?

WELL, back across the state in Rippleville, the little ole home town you'd rather write about than live in, your dad has a pretty good hardware and implement business. You could sell farmers manure spreaders and housewives paring knives, and repair greasy washing machines, and solder tin teakettles, and behave the way a home-town boy who's failed to make good and had to come home for his old man to support is supposed to behave.

The future? You'd finally live down the black disgrace of having lost a job—there are other home-town boys in Rippleville—and some day you'd inherit the pater's business and perhaps even learn to like it. Not so bad.

But not so good.

You've been plugging along in this newspaper game for ten years now. You've sunk five G's of your dad's hard-earned in acquiring a degree. You can't quite see your way clear to taking a powder on a ten-year and five-thousand-dollar investment. No, you're not ready to admit you're whipped.

So start scratching that thinning scalp and deliver an idea or two. You can't expect the hard way to be soft.

CLICK! There it is. Free lancing! With eight working hours a day you'll start selling. Ideas for cartoons to *Esquire*, at \$5 a throw. Poetry and quips to *Post Scripts*. Pot-boilers to the pulps and an occasional three-point landing in the slicks. You've always thought you could hit the polite love yard market for the housewife's quiet

Did You Ever Stop to Figure Supposing You Lost

By WILLIAM M. LONG

afternoon of reading, and there's plenty of available dope—right here in town—for some pennies from the trade publications heaven. You've got your portable; paper's cheap. You'll stay right here and free lance.

But are you sure you can make a go of it? For years you've been sending manuscripts to every magazine published; not very regularly, perhaps, but often enough to see the color of their rejection slips often—and their money seldom.

Figure it this way: in that big brown envelope under the desk, 12 manuscripts; 150 pages. Your time on that mess was about 36 hours. Call it a week's work. Your postage was, roughly, \$1.45. While you were getting those 150 pretty pages back, you landed one short humorous verse, for \$7.50. Could you keep yourself happy and maintain your present standard of living on \$7.50, less \$1.45, a week? Don't be silly! You might make a go of it, but as far as you're concerned it's a far cry from a proven field.

But don't be downed too easily by your own rationalizing. That AP correspondencship you've been working; it's been good for \$10 to \$12.50 a month. Add to that some straight reporting along with features to the neighboring city dailies. At least four papers could be lined up, with a little effort. Say you could hit them for \$10 a month apiece. That's not unreasonable. And now that you're a step or so below the WPA level, \$40 a month is no sneezing matter, either.

You've got your camera—thank heaven

it's paid for. In a month you'll sell eight pictures to newspapers, averaging \$3 apiece. Throw in \$10 for a picture a month to some magazine—might as well be optimistic about this thing. There's \$34 for pictures. A tenner from the AP, ten a month from four dailies, \$34 for pictures: there is \$84 a month. And don't kid yourself, boy, you can scrape through on 84 fish per, even if you have to cut down to one coke a day. If you land any magazine stories, gag lines, get any plays published or collect on any poetry, you'll bank it, along with as big a piece of that \$84 as possible—against the proverbial rainy day. And this isn't the Sahara!

THAT'S an ambitious program. There are a lot of "ifs." Suppose you're not that industrious, or the breaks don't come as easily as you can count them on your fingers?

All right, see America first. You'll have to grind up your sensitiveness or "feelings" as fine as a college debater's tenth point, and you'll have to take some pretty hard knocks. But look at it philosophically; if you ever get to be a writer, it'll be background. Take Jim Tully, for instance.

You'll try not to panhandle meals, but there's nothing in the way of honest toil you won't do for a square "set-down" here and there along the line. If you spend a night or two in jail, you'll kid the cops and make them give you a disinfecting bath to remove the souvenirs before you're on your way next morning.

MANY a newspaperman has suddenly found himself without a job in recent years—through no fault of his own but through the suspension, sale or consolidation of the paper on whose staff he served. Those fortunate enough to escape this experience in the past may have to face it in the future.

Hence the interest and significance of the accompanying article by William M. Long. It offers a program, a series of suggestions, that might help keep the wolf from the door should such a fate befall you. It also offers suggestions to those graduates who have not yet gained their first steady jobs in journalism.

Bill Long, who wrote the piece, "deviled" on his home town country weekly while in high school and worked on campus papers and magazines and acted as correspondent for metropolitan papers while an undergraduate at the University of Missouri, from which he was graduated in 1936. He spent a little less than a year with the Tri-County News, Horton, Kan., and since then has been managing editor of the Southwest Daily Times, of Liberal, Kan.

Out Just What You'd Do— Your Job?

You can still peck out better than a galley of type an hour on the linotype, and perhaps you'll find an occasional shop that could use a galley of type. You've done two Golden Anniversary editions. Dropping into a town with a golden anniversary coming up would be like meeting an old classmate eager to lend money.

After a couple of months you might even be toughened up enough to do manual labor—but perish the thought. The general idea is to live on the land and by your wits—but honestly, of course—as well as possible, but over and above all to keep moving.

IF you're going to settle down, it'll have to be a better spot than the one you just bounced out of with such charming agility. You're devoting this little chapter of your young life to seeing the country and getting experience. Maybe it can't be done, but don't try to convince yourself for a year or two. You've always wanted to do this.

Or you can go to a college town and be a ghost. Everyone knows about ghosts now, since the recent series of "expozays," but ghosts still eat. You'll line up a nice little client list of students, you might even forget your degree and enroll for a couple of courses to learn the "A" slant of a few profs.

Not so many years ago you could knock out a B-or-better paper for darned near any course, in one night. Make it a daytime job, and figure four a week. They'll peddle for \$5 to \$10, or students are more ambitious than they were when you were an undergrad. After the first semester, repeat courses will be that much easier.

As a sideline, with contacts through the city librarian, there are the study club ladies out in town who have to read a paper or two each year before the club. After dreading it all year, a neatly typed and fairly intelligent short-cut ought to be worth a fin of their husbands' money. When you get it going, you'll be living in a nice town, working short hours, meeting the best people, and doing a lot to alleviate human suffering. Why, it's almost a noble calling!

And another. Now don't laugh at this one. But there are still quite a few small circuses and road shows and repertoire companies, and all of them seem to employ press agents. Of course, most of the press agents' shoes look a bit scuffed, and the boys have a sort of hungry appearance, but they must be making a living or they'd go on relief.

How about contacting a show or a circus, and getting some real, specialized, grade A experience with a capital X? You've had enough press agents hit you up in the past few years, you ought to

know at least how *not* to try to get some free space. Give an editor some sensible talk and a plausible story and the odds are good you'll land more free and favorable space than a lot of the old-timers. It'd be a chance to travel with an expense account, to meet a lot of newspapermen, to study a lot of newspapers, and if you can take it and keep the right attitude it ought to be a lot of fun. If you're a good guy maybe they'll give you the circus at the end of the season. And let *you* dodge the sheriffs for a while.

AND what was it you were telling that high school journalism class when they invited you in as a guest lecturer? That's it. "Circulation is the phase of newspaper work most neglected by trained workers, yet one which offers rich opportunities."

Here's that chance to really get out and meet readers you always talked about.

Few small dailies or large weeklies have their potential circulation field anywhere near worked out. Don't be afraid—you've nothing to lose. Get on for a percentage for a week or two, and then show the boss you'd both be better off if he'd put you on a regular salary, or a small salary and a smaller percentage.

You'll have to pick a newspaper that's worth reading and one that hasn't thrown one of these big free prize subscription contests recently, but there are plenty of them. Pick one and just see if you can't land at least a trial job, working circulation. Outdoors all day, meeting new people every hour, talking something



William M. Long

Who does the supposing for you.

you really know (or think you know): newspapers.

It's worth a try. Maybe you can work it into something permanent. Perhaps you can climb into the editorial or business office. Anyway, it's a job, and one you won't have to find through the classified ads.

Well, there are a few starters. Take your pick and tear into it. Sorry you lost your job, fellah!

Lost a job? Why, man, it'll take you a lifetime to get around to all the jobs you've got!

A "Doggoned" Good Editorial!

IT is finished. Abe, our genuine Alsatian, went roaring off into the Valhalla where all strong dogs go when they die, last Sunday night about 10:00 p. m. If any of you people heard a terrific racket about that time you were probably overhearing the doggondest dog fight that has taken place in dog heaven since Strongheart trotted over the Great Divide.

Abe was tough, but a two-ton truck proved to be his undoing, ultimately, after it had passed over his abdomen, while he was engaged in one of his favorite occupations of teaching two or three other dogs "whose bull 'et' the cabbage." He had apparently recovered from the deleterious effects of being pressed out by the truck, but Sunday night he went outside for a last look around, coughed twice and died.

He had passed over six of the most exciting years that any living being ever passed and we are mindful of

Columbus, Cortez and Al Capone, when we make this statement. He was the scourge of all dogs and the bane of every cat's existence, but he has now licked his last dog, chased his last cat and sired his last pup.

Like all outstanding characters, he had plenty of enemies and not a few friends. His great love of following a truck proved to be his undoing, when it was combined with that other light in his otherwise dark life, fighting. He was not long for this earth, as anyone who had ever seen him knew, because his likes and dislikes were too pronounced. The town will miss him, just like Europe missed Napoleon and Attila, the Hun, but we shall miss him as an amiable companion who was never worth a cuss alive, but we're sorry he's dead.—*The Akron (Colo.) News-Reporter*.

KENNETH ROBINSON (Drake '38) has purchased the Bayard (Ia.) News and the Bagley (Ia.) Gazette.



Will Johnstone at his drawing board.

WILL B. JOHNSTONE, the New York *World-Telegram* cartoonist who created the pathetic figure of the "Taxpayer-in-the-barrel," is the Evanston (Ill.) Rembrandt who was delayed by a sense of humor.

He didn't aim to become a newspaper artist, writer, cartoonist; a lyric writer, a playwright, a Hollywood scenarist, an actor, stage director, football specialist, chess player, one-fingered pianist and hard-working amateur cook. But he did—and, besides, invented Eggs a la Johnstone, with "cartoon crackers" coated with mayonnaise, peanut butter, three cheeses and topped off with strawberry jam or maple syrup.

He could do, he found at an early age, anything he didn't want to do. So he became a baseball catcher, ran a radio station, tap danced and wisecracked with the experts. He was, and he is, terrific. But he wants to be a Rembrandt. So he can't be. His fourth-grade school teacher back in Evanston, Miss Mary E. Moore, told him he had the talent and it would all be quite simple. How could she tell, at the fourth grade, that he would qualify for a Ph.D. in foolin'?

THAT was what stopped, in the first flush of a thousand arias, his career as an opera singer. Because, at 12 years of age, he received a medal for quitting as choir boy when the Rector heard him eating candy one Sunday. It sounded like baby firecrackers popping in the chancel.

"Don't try to be anything and you'll be a success," he told me was his motto. Here is how it worked. While studying art at the Chicago Art Institute, an engineering expert, a friend of his father who was also a noted civil engineer, insisted that Will take a job on the Chicago

Journal art staff, just to show his drag with William Randolph Hearst. Will had his colleagues holding precariously onto their drawing boards, laughing at his gags. They couldn't draw anything but their



Cecil Carnes

No newcomer to *The Quill's* pages is Cecil Carnes, for the last six years a member of the staff of the New York *World Telegram*. He served with a number of Ohio newspapers before, during and following his undergraduate days at Ohio State University. He is the author of a biography of John L. Lewis, an adventure story, "Jungle Drums," and magazine articles.

He Didn't

salaries while all this was going on, so Will got fired in the general interests of the paper's readers. He said, "Hurray," and went back in pursuit of the elusive Rembrandt genre. But the friend's drag was so good Will was yanked back into the byways of Hearst. What a drag that man had! Will was office boy, court artist, morgue artist, acting art director (when the staff was drinking supper down at Vogelsang's) and he got six dollars a week besides. What a drag!

But, getting in on predepression wages, he next became art editor on the old Chicago *Inter-Ocean* at \$22.50 a week. Then, in 1906, the New York *Journal* hired him to make drawings of the Thaw trial, and they paid him \$40 each and every Saturday. Will wants to know who said they need a Newspaper Guild?

They practically shanghaied him over on the old *Evening World*, handing out a \$5 raise as though it was nothing, really. Still he had no particular style and was just filling in general art work. But that \$5 raise was part of the plot to keep him from becoming a Rembrandt. And now something important happened.

WILL'S older brother, Alexander, came to New York. Alex was a great violinist, composer and inventor of an infallible system to stay broke while playing the horses.

Alex landed a Broadway show, "Betsy," starring Gracie La Rue and made Will write the lines to his music. Will didn't want to. But he did and the *Sun's* critic said the lyrics were "Gilbertian." The show's run of a week and a half was interrupted, Will jovially recalls, while they tore down the theater—the old Herald Square.

"And I closed two more theaters with my lyrics to 'Miss Princess' and 'The Red Canary,' and then I decided I was through with Broadway, to say nothing of what Broadway decided about me," Will said. "Just as I was all ready to starve happily in a garret Will R. Anderson, the late composer, practically forced me at the point of a lethal weapon to write the book and the words to the music for the musical comedy success, 'Take It From Me.' Well, take it from me I was plenty sore about it, but the show ran for years and was made into a movie."

So art for Art's sake had to wait. His success exerted unwelcome pressure on him and he wrote "Love for Sale," for Kitty Gordon, "Up in the Clouds," with which Grace Moore reached an astronomical success, and "Give Me a Thrill."

Remember, this is just the flash-witted guy who is putting up his pen for hire, weekly.

And then he wrote the Marx Brothers' initial Broadway success, "I'll Say She Is," with music by his younger brother, Tom. With three shows running on Broadway at the same moment, and with his

Aim to Be a Cartoonist—

But Will Johnstone's Been a Lot Of Other Things He Didn't Plan

By CECIL CARNES

writing, acting and directing the "Society of Illustrators" show, which later became "Artists and Models," Will felt pretty chirp. With both heel plates hooked onto the top of a desk one morning he stopped his boss, old Jack Terevant, and asked him for a raise. He got it, \$5 worth.

Albert Payson Terhune, at that time just a fellow wage slave, asked Will to show him how he was sitting. He practiced the stunt for days, but when he hit the editor up it was no go.

WELL, life went on like that for Will, just one regrettable success after another, and then Al Trent quit drawing his cartoon for the old *Morning World*. Arthur Krock, the executive editor, persistently suggested that Johnstone would be the man to do the pictorial stint, and since it was easier for Will to give in than to think up reasons why he should not, he began drawing cartoons, back in 1924.

He had no particular style then. "But I acquired one by ear," Will said. Although his sketches are good, it's his humor that is crushing, and he found it out immediately, for there never was a situation he couldn't quip over.

The story of the taxpayer in the barrel belongs to the Johnstone apocrypha.

Will, who was caught in Evanston's swimming hole by a clothes-stealing tramp knows that a nude in a barrel really needs a friend; he is down to self-conscious minima. And so when the cartoonist wanted to show that the taxpayer is so hard hit he hasn't even his privacy left, what is more logical than that he should hark back to his embarrassment under the sycamores?

But all this work was enervating, so Will wrote two shows, "My Love Pirate," and "My Eyes Have It," ran a radio station (WRNY), wrote about football, did illustrations for *Liberty*, cartoons for *Life*, and took up cooking—all of these things to rest up from the other.

"IN 1931 I was sent to Hollywood by the Marx Brothers," Will remembers, "to get some of that dishonest dough."

He wrote the story outline and helped to direct their first Hollywood picture, "Monkey Business," which grossed \$3,000,000 for Paramount. He fussed around with the story for the Mad Marxes' next picture, "Horsefeathers." In 1936 he again went to the West Coast to put the Marx family into the paddock for "A Day at the Races." While there he sent his cartoons to New York by mail. Of course before all this the *World* had marched

off into the limbo and he had been hired by the new New York *World-Telegram*.

And our aspiring Rembrandt Jr. had been dragged into a new field. His editor, Lee B. Wood, set him to turning out political cartoons on his return from the coast. So, combining draftsmanship with a sense of burlesque and satire, Will helped elect Fiorella H. LaGuardia Mayor of New York in 1933, after lambasting the Jimmy Walker regime throughout the Seabury investigation. Now Will really believes he is not much of a taxpayer, but he is against Tammany's arrogance and extravagance in office, and he hates inefficiency wherever he sees it. Hence the forlorn little barreled taxpayer is the "payoff" balloon in his strip.

The Johnstone drawing now depends upon some humorous, or inane, idea which has come into the news columns, and six goofy extensions of that idea.

WILL has never lost a cartoon fight, a fact which perhaps indicates that the public can be directed more easily with a laugh than any other way. Will made the first "Tin Box" cartoon against former Sheriff Farley (and gave him the tag Tin-Box Farley), he kept Jimmy Walker's secretary Sherwood on the run for years, fought both campaigns for honest mayoralty elections, and for LaGuardia. He pilloried "spade-sitting" WPA workers, accompanied Westbrook Pegler to California to try to laugh Upton Sinclair's Utopian "EPIC" plan out of existence.

And perhaps there is something revealing in the man's hates. They include all politicians, Hitler, Mussolini, parsnips, his

[Concluded on page 13]

PLEASURE WITH YOUR PAIN

News Item: "Injections of alcohol quicker pain killer than any drug, science finds."



This is a typical example of the humorous, topical sort of cartoon for which Will Johnstone is noted.



WAR WEEK: Usher Hitler says main feature will begin soon.

ENGLAND: Did "blank check" for war supplies bounce?

NEUTRALS: Thumb rides from Hitler for small countries.

CARTOON CALENDAR



Here is an inside page from *The Passing Show*, a section of the Sunday edition. It includes a review of the news, divided into national, international, and state, also interpretive articles, maps, cartoons and so on. The Cartoon Calendar by Staff Artist Grover Page is a regular feature. Notice how the makeup of the page makes the War Week easy to read.

BECAUSE common sense is so uncommon, the *Courier-Journal*, of Louisville, Ky., is news.

That morning newspaper of Henry Waterson fame is having no sensational rejuvenation, as some publications have indicated, but is merely trying to meet the competition of radio and of news and picture magazines by using plain, common sense.

In these days when newspapers are suspending publication and merging all too frequently, many a publisher follows a path far different from that of the *Courier-Journal* when his advertising or circulation start to fall and his labor and paper costs to rise.

He fires a reporter, cuts down on the news space, and buys two more comics, a serial, and some canned odds and ends from a syndicate. But he still puts out pretty much the same old newspaper. And mortality figures show that the "same old newspaper" hasn't been doing so well these days.

FACED by these facts, the *Courier-Journal*, published by Barry Bingham,

under the general managership of Mark F. Ethridge, set out to produce a newspaper that could meet the competition of radio and magazines. This was not done by overnight, spectacular changes, but by a steady process of quiet experimentation and study that is still going on—under the direction of a man who calls news the "box office" of a newspaper.

To find out what people want, what they like, the newspaper made house-to-house studies, questioned readers closely.

To know to a penny how much money it is making and how much it has to spend, the newspaper operates on a careful day-to-day budget. If advertising is falling below expectations, Mr. Ethridge can have the managing editors of the *Courier-Journal* and the *Louisville Times*, the afternoon newspaper under the same ownership, trim their news space, cut down on telegraph tolls and such. Mr. Ethridge says he can "sweat" enough out of expenses to prevent a slacking in business from cutting into the pay or numerical strength of the editorial staffs, which he regards as of first importance.

New Ideas in News Blitzkrieg on

By SAM BRIGHTMAN

THE experimentation on the *Courier-Journal* has gone further in the Sunday edition than in the daily editions, although it is quite noticeable even there.

In the daily editions, the news is carefully grouped, although not formally departmentalized. It is carefully correlated to weave several stories into one whenever possible, but only a few telegraph stories are completely rehandled by the staff.

Thus the war news is usually handled in one story put together from *Associated Press*, *United Press* and *International News Service* stories, with possibly an interpretative story and one or two other side stories, unless the war is so hot that it takes over most of the paper.

As much as is possible, local news not rating page one is put on a section page which is kept free of advertisements. Much of the local news is pulled out to make way for state news in the various mail, truck and train editions.

There is always a full page of pictures, usually on the last page of the paper. The engraving and reproduction, incidentally, are among the best in the country.

In the news columns, as well as on the editorial page and the opposite editorial page (of which more anon), an effort is made to tell why things are happening, what is behind them, as well as the usual what is happening.

There are plenty of bright features, human interest material, but if, for example, the choice of the war story lead lies between an exciting but unimportant development and an important development which will make a much less exciting headline, the latter angle gets the nod.

Banner headlines are not used just to

THROUGHOUT the United States, these days instances and individual sections or departments with editorial make-up, news handling, head paper technic in an effort to rejuvenate their new reader interest and appeal.

The Quill has brought you the stories of a pects to bring you others in the future. This experiments being conducted by the Louisville

Sam Brightman, who presents the account Washington University in 1932 and his B. J. f. 1933. He then joined the staff of the St. Louis general assignments and rewrite. He did a st in St. Louis and then went to the Cincinnati Post. He has been with the *Courier-Journal* since Fe telegraph desk and the slot.

ety of material. Ulric Bell, the newspaper's brilliant Washington correspondent, may have an article on governmental or political events. Lately he has been attacking the South's poll tax, and the activities of some of the legislators who have been sent to Washington by the few who can vote in Southern States. The newspaper pulls no punches in attacking the reactionary, head-in-the-sand "Old South" attitude.

J. Howard Henderson, the veteran State Capital correspondent, or Joe Hart, Louisville political expert, are likely to appear on the op. ed. page several times a week. Outsiders are given a chance to reply to articles or views of the paper. Staff members contribute their views on various issues or write humorous essays. There is a music column. All in all, the page contains an almost unlimited variety of material.

But the main point is that the op. ed. page gives a newspaperman a chance to inject personality and opinion into his writing and to get away from the restrictions of straight news reporting. Mr. Agar tries to use as many staff contributions as possible instead of syndicate material, and to give local and state problems as much attention as national ones.

THE best indication that the plan is working is the tremendous increase in letters from readers. Since the page was started in January, more and more subscribers have written in to say that the newspaper was crazy, absolutely right, deeply prejudiced, utterly fair, etc. These letters make the editors feel that they are putting over real "personal journalism."

Mr. Ethridge considers that the Sunday edition reflects a greater change from the ordinary newspaper than does the daily edition.

Except for the main news section and the sports section, the Sunday paper is almost entirely a magazine, in content and style of makeup.

The rotogravure section uses color on the first page except on Derby Day, when most subscribers get a rotogravure section with the finish of the Derby on page one in the fastest gravure operation in the country. The section is designed to meet the competition of the national picture magazines. It isn't just pictures, but is composed of page layouts that tell a story. It carries a good portion of state and local material.

The magazine section, printed on regular newsprint, but using color, shuns the usual syndicated material and is written by staff members or local contributors. Here too things of National interest are not slighted, but the bulk of the material is about the Kentuckiana area where the *Courier-Journal* circulates.

The Sunday women's section, using lots of art, is a news and feature combination similar to the daily pages, but on a larger scale.

THE Passing Show is probably the most unusual section of the Sunday edition. Illustrated liberally with photographs, drawings by staff members, and cartoons from newspapers throughout the country,



Sam Brightman

it is a complete and up-to-date summary of the week's news, with interpretive articles by the newspaper's Washington and Frankfort correspondents, and by various scholars, economists and such.

The section is departmentalized into international, national, and so on, and state news is reviewed according to sections of the state. There's a page of comment from readers, with drawings and photos to illustrate their letters.

Such a section can easily become dull and heavy. Sunday Editor Cary Robertson avoids this by having the section written in a bright, lively style that is not, praise Allah, just a pale imitation of *Time*. In addition, the makeup of the section (see illustration), is such that each phase of the news review is clearly set off by itself. This, together with the use of lots of pictures, is designed to keep the reader moving along without feeling as if he had tangled with an encyclopedia.

The newspaper promotes its news and sidelights with the readers. An article that is going to run on the op. ed. page or in the Sunday paper will be announced in an advertisement. What the people on the staff gather and write is played up over the syndicated comics and serials and such that each day's mail pours into most newspaper offices.

ALONG about now a lot of advertising and business office folks, if they're still here, are asking, "Doesn't this guy know that newspapers are run to make money? How does all of this stuff PAY?"

All I know is that I get my check every Wednesday, but Mr. Ethridge has stacks and stacks of figures to show that good newspapering, with the "news" in upper case, is a paying proposition.

He reports that the Sunday circulation has gone up sharply, and that the daily editions, where changes are more recent and less extreme, have showed a good upturn in the last year.

Mr. Ethridge points out that from 1935 to 1939 circulation expense has decreased

12½ per cent and circulation revenue has increased 27½ per cent.

With carrier delivery of the daily and Sunday paper costing 20 cents a week in Louisville and more in the country, with the circulation department working on a 40-hour week with vacations, and with paper costs rising, the circulation revenue has paid, in addition to the expenses of the circulation department, as high as 94 per cent of the cost of newsprint.

Thus circulation obtained and kept by a good newspaper product (sold at a higher price than most) has proved cheaper to get and keep than circulation obtained by high pressure promotion and contest methods. Decreasing circulation expenses have more than covered costs as better news coverage increased news department expenses, Mr. Ethridge points out.

HERE are some sample advertising figures. In rotogravure, local advertising in the nation averaged an increase of 12.6 per cent in March, 1940, over March, 1939. The *Courier-Journal* local rotogravure advertising increased 37.4 per cent. In national advertising, the rotogravure increase for the same months was 24.9 per cent in the nation, but the *Courier-Journal* increase was 53.8 per cent.

So business office figures seem to show that by improving its product, the *Courier-Journal* is making money.

Whether the improvement will lead to complete departmentalization of the news or to complete rewriting of telegraph news is a thing for the future to decide.

Certain it is that the *Courier-Journal* will keep on changing to meet new conditions, new competition from other media of news dissemination and advertising. And it will continue to be a high-type product, for Mr. Ethridge's figures show that when you give the reader what you think he ought to want it turns out that you're just giving the reader what he really wants. Circulation and advertising figures so testify.

"Free Circulation," by Charles L. Allen, was published June 1 as the first number of the new Journalism Monographs series sponsored by the National Council on Research of the American Association of Schools and Departments of Journalism.

The new book by Mr. Allen, professor of journalism in Northwestern University, is a survey of free or controlled distribution newspapers, which the depression years have brought into new prominence. From case studies of 81 free distribution newspapers of all types, Mr. Allen analyzes their format, editorial content, advertising lineage and revenue, incomes and expenses, circulation and collection methods, and the value of complete coverage. The last chapter is a description of methods used in meeting free circulation competition.

The book is published by the Louisiana State University Press.

W. KERMIT HOLT (Northwestern '39) has left the *City News Bureau* of Chicago to join the Milwaukee bureau of the *Associated Press*.

Preaching What I Practiced

[Concluded from Page 5]

want to think that they will become the successors of Brisbane and McIntyre; those who are neophyte sports writers look forward to becoming a Paul Gallico; those with capitalistic tendencies know that someone will succeed the McCormicks, Gannetts, Hearsts and Howards and they want to think maybe somehow those horizons of today will become their landscapes of tomorrow.

But our problem is training weekly and small daily newspaper workers for this vast growing section of the Southwest and we try to show them the advantages to be gained right here. The metropolitan universities may want to limit their graduates in journalism to half a dozen high-powered newspaper workers, but we are placing our graduates right in this vicinity and no matter how many geniuses are aiming at the jackpot where competition is being smothered, our students have a future that can be analyzed for them by studying the newspapers of this section which come to the exchange desk.

A TEACHER of journalism, regardless of how competent he might prove in the practice of his profession, can achieve only one ambition if he enters the newspaper business, but as a teacher he can see his aims, ideals and ambitions projected into a score of channels annually through the successes gained by his students.

This is largely the motivating factor in the teaching profession. While a teacher of journalism might realize one ambition if he entered the profession, he can multiply these ambitions and accomplishments manifold by the work of his students.

Does this spark of enthusiasm rise or wane during accumulated years of teaching? I believe that it continues to grow as long as a man teaches journalism. The longer he stays in the teaching profession, the more he sees that his students have been faithful in carrying out the precepts of journalism. The veteran teachers of journalism delight in telling stories about their former students who have achieved more fame and fortune in the field of journalism than they have realized as teachers, be they deans or instructors.

Any class of graduates from a department or school of journalism has its percentage of successful newspapermen regardless of whether they achieved their goals in the prosperous twenties or in the depressing early thirties. Human nature is built and patterned on that certain a scale. Every year a teacher can see the results of his work in the achievements of his students. Right now the picture is roseate because a much larger percentage of the students has received satisfactory employment than did a few years ago. But even then the enterprising members of each graduating class showed what they could accomplish and delighted in

doing so because they knew the going was tough.

ALL of us have seen and talked with has-beens who have a dark outlook for the future because they point out that America has no more frontiers. The ambitious student does not have all of these inhibitions and goes into the field and takes the bull by the horns and adds another chapter to the "Voice of Experience" by discovering new frontiers and new opportunities.

The question has often been asked, "Can journalism be taught?" This question has been answered so many times that I shall not go into it thoroughly, but I find that the student who has the interest and aptitude can be guided into the right channels of opportunity.

Less than six months ago a student in Florida enrolled in one of my advertising courses by extension and I used the kind of approach and technique in guiding her studies which I thought would apply to her ambitions. She was a stenographer last spring and since the first of the year, she has been an advertising copy writer on one of the largest daily newspapers in Florida. She had the aptitude before she ever heard of Texas Tech, but by assuring her that she was competent and guiding her in the right direction, I have seen a stenographer become a creator of advertising copy.

I did not give her the same problems and the same course which I would offer my classroom students who will go out to work on weekly newspapers. The problem has to be analyzed from the student's viewpoint, and then the application and guidance will take effect.

Yes, "I am preaching what I practiced" on the various papers and I have enough converts that I am still encouraging my students to hit the sawdust trail. If the teachers of journalism will turn in a really good job of academic and vocational guidance during the next generation, I believe that they will have had a small part in revitalizing and improving the newspapers to the extent that fewer chronic "analyzers of what is wrong with the newspapers" will be with us during the latter half of the century.

Cartoonist

[Concluded from page 9]

own golf game, and the way cops let trucks block pleasure cars in New York's Holland Tunnel after 12 p. m. He is also incensed over the plan of the Big Town's Park Commissioner, Robert Moses, to run a bridge from the Battery to Brooklyn and "push Manhattan's beautiful nose on a tangent right into Canarsie, desecrating a stately man-made mountain of skyscrapers."

He declares, "That would be like putting a clock in the stomach of the Venus de Milo." If he can stop that nonsense for all time he may go back on Rembrandt's trail and make up for lost time. Not that he doesn't still paint. One of his masterpieces is a Florida beach. But instead of brushes or palette knife, he used a pair of old shoes, a screw driver and a paper ice cream spoon. Just kidding, no fooling. He believes in giving art a sportsman's chance to get away.

Oh, yes, he was born in St. Louis on March 13, 1881, is therefore 59 years old and looks it. He declares that the reason he looks his age is that he failed to drink or smoke until he was 34. He feels this was a gross neglect, and he worries over it, thus accounting for those artistic circles under his eyes.

Bell

[Concluded from page 3]

If American journalism wants to stand firm and glorious against all comers (and it should welcome all comers), then let it plant its feet on the rock of the old principles of the profession, and first among them the principle of editorial anonymity.

Let the newspaper be a newspaper, a production with a compound and powerful personality of its own, with all columnists, all correspondents, all names, mere satellites revolving around the primary planet.

I use the word *powerful*. Your editor should be a big man. He should be wise, sympathetic, brave, honest as God's day, a primary planet indeed. And he should guard no other professional quality quite so jealously as his editorial anonymity.

Skid the valet! Let us re-anoint the King!

ACCORDING TO—

"THE QUILL continues to become better. Keep up the good work."—H. S. HEPNER, Dept. of Journalism, South Dakota State College, Brookings, S. D.

★

"I enjoy THE QUILL and I read it ALL."—EARL BLAKE COX, editor, the Masonic Tribune, Seattle, Wash.

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"I find THE QUILL stimulating and most interesting."—DAVID MCGUIRE, New Orleans States.

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"I am enjoying THE QUILL immensely."—EDGAR F. WILSON, 1241 44th Street, Des Moines, Iowa.

★

"Congratulations on the way you have improved THE QUILL in the last few years."—TOM JOHNSTON, Director, News Bureau, Purdue University, Lafayette, Ind.

THE WRITE OF WAY

By William A. Rutledge III

Automotive House Organs

HOUSE ORGANS have been on the upgrade and the outlook for a continuation of this trend. This is the observation of Harold E. Green, editor and publisher of the *Business Journalist*.

"House organs were hard hit by the depression. However, the last few months have brought a rather rapid recovery and indications are that this will continue for some time," he finds.

It is probably no exaggeration to report that there are 1,500 house organs. One compilation at hand lists more than 900, which prompted one authority in the field to estimate that this did not cover half of those flourishing.

The hour organ is an instrument of business promotion—aiming to stimulate sales through articles which tell of successful ideas and campaigns, creating new business, seeking to get additional business from old customers, advising ways and means of handling accounts—in fact, anything that comes under the heading of good business in that field.

The editorial approach and treatment of material, successful journalists in this field emphasize, are the open sesame to checks. Photos are almost imperative. Some journals buy spot news items. Others confine themselves to feature and forecast articles. Articles, with suitable photos, bring from \$5 to \$50 in this field. Special assignments often result in considerably higher remuneration.

Many of the house organs are edited with professional skill and achieve a high degree of cover-to-cover reader appeal. The tendency is away from a table of contents turned out by a staff of trained seals and toward ably and independently written articles.

HOUSE ORGANS in the automobile field are directed towards maintaining

close contact with those who own the firm's particular make of automobile. They do buy some general interest features and short stories; but most of the copy must tie-in with that make of automobile. Illustrated sketches of prominent people who own that make of car, which includes a statement of his or her satisfaction with the car, is a type of material used.

Unusual travel articles, write-ups about colorful and appealing places to drive to, and remarkable performance accounts of this particular make of automobile are other types of copy.

Familiarity with the publication with which a sale is to be attempted cannot be stressed too strongly. House organs are a highly specialized type of publication. A query to the editor will bring his statement as to his actual or potential interest. A penny postcard request will deliver a sample copy.

House organs in the automobile field include the following:

Buick Magazine, 818 Hancock St. West, Detroit, Mich.—Buys travel articles with plenty of pictures. Purchases a limited amount of fiction, not over 1,200 words in length. Receptive to ideas for articles or features that will be of interest to the average motorist. Rate of payment is made by arrangement with the author.

Buick Salesman, address same as above.—Articles slanted for salesmen.

Chevrolet Sales News, Chevrolet Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Chevrolet Service News, Chevrolet Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Chevrolet Service Topics, Chevrolet Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Friends, Chevrolet Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Ford News, Ford Motor Co., Dearborn, Mich.

Ford Dealer and Service Field, 407 E. Michigan St., Milwaukee, Wis.—Buys articles on methods of selling Fords, service shop and parts selling, and business promotion with Ford slant. 500-1,000 words in length. Minimum payment 1c per word and \$1 per picture. Editor Walter Belson prefers to be queried before submission.

Fruehauf Forwarder, Fruehauf Trailer Co., Detroit, Mich.

Harvester World, International Harvester Co., Chicago, Ill.

Highway Traveler, 920 Superior Ave., Cleveland, O.—Published by the Greyhound Bus Company. Articles on scenic spots in North

America and on personal experiences in traveling by bus are purchased which range from 1,500 to 2,500 words with illustrations. R. E. Cochran, Editor.

People and Places, The Chrysler Corp., Detroit, Mich.—Edited by Frederick O. Schubert, who is interested in pictorial features pegged on DeSoto cars. Welcomes queries, works closely with contributors, and pays excellent rates.

Pontiac Chieftain, Pontiac Division of General Motors, Pontiac, Mich.

Pontiac Owners Magazine, same as above.

Quality Salesman, Chevrolet Motor Co., Detroit, Mich.

Studebaker News, The Studebaker Corp., South Bend, Ind.

Supercharger News, Graham-Paige Motors Corp., Detroit, Mich.

The Wheel, The Studebaker Corp., South Bend, Ind.—Splendid bi-monthly whose circulation hits a half million. Ably edited by Walker G. Everett, who is interested in general feature articles of 1,500 words or less with pictures. Payment exceptionally high.

Transport Topics, The American Trucking Association, Washington, D. C.

Turret Topics, Fisher Body Co., Detroit, Mich.

Yardstick, Plymouth Division of The Chrysler Corp., Detroit, Mich.

Contests

Owing to conditions abroad, the closing date of the contest for "a novel in the great romantic tradition," sponsored by J. B. Lippincott Company, of Philadelphia and New York, and Hodder and Stoughton, Ltd., of London, will be extended from June 30 to Dec. 31, 1940. Undertaken for the purpose of finding new talent, this contest will give to the winner \$2,500 outright, a four weeks' travel award and a guarantee of \$2,500 a year for four years. The winning manuscript must be the work of a writer who has never before had a novel published.

E. P. Dutton & Co., in conjunction with *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, announce that they will offer annually a cash prize of \$2,500, together with a gold medal to be known as the Thomas Jefferson Medal, for the best book manuscript submitted by a Southern author. One thousand dollars of the award is offered as a cash prize, and \$1,500 as an advance on royalties.

The competition is open to authors born in the South, regardless of present residence, and to those now living in the South who have resided there for at least five years, regardless of place of birth. Authors of previously published books are eligible.

Manuscripts should not be less than 50,000 words in length, although this rule may be waived if, in the opinion of the judges, a shorter manuscript deserves the prize. Both fiction and non-fiction are eligible, but not poetry. Manuscripts need not be Southern in setting or subject. Authors are not limited to one entry.

The contest is now open and will close April 13, 1941, the anniversary of the birth of Thomas Jefferson. The winning manuscript will be published in October, 1941. If, in the opinion of the judges, no manuscript worthy of the prize has been submitted before April 13, 1941, the time limit may be extended or the prize withheld.

For further details and application blanks, write to *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, One West Range, Charlottesville, Va.

Market Tips

E. P. Dutton & Co., in conjunction with *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, will publish under their joint imprints a selected list of good books in all categories. These books will bear *The Virginia Quarterly Review* imprint and seal. Authors both unknown and established are invited to submit manuscripts for consideration. Fiction and non-fiction will be considered and there are no restrictions upon setting or subject matter other than the tenets of good taste and quality. Writers may be from any section of this country or from a foreign country. No special preference is held for material Southern in authorship, setting, or subject, though manuscripts by Southern authors and on Southern subjects are sought also. All manuscripts should be typed and should be sent prepaid to *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, One West Range, Charlottesville, Va.

P. D. ELDRED (Southern Methodist '37) has been transferred by the *Associated Press* from New York City to the San Francisco office.

How Can Weekly Newspapers Get More Advertising?

Every available survey, statement or practical demonstration pointing the way toward increased lineage—foreign, local or classified—is analyzed in *THE AMERICAN PRESS* magazine, the only magazine devoted primarily to the advertising problems of small town newspapers. **Subscription only \$1.00 a year.**

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• THE BOOK BEAT •

Reportorial Anthology

HEADLINING AMERICA, Edited by Frank Luther Mott and a Board of Co-Operating Editors with Suggestions for Study by Winston Allard. 244 pp. The Dryden Press, 103 Park Ave., New York. \$1.50.

Assembled in this attractively printed and bound volume are 100 of the best news and feature stories of 1938-39, as selected by Dr. Frank Luther Mott, Director of the School of Journalism at the State University of Iowa, with a board of 25 co-operating editors from the nation's leading schools and departments of journalism.

The result is, as the foreword puts it, "a composite picture of our America—its struggles, its successes and failures, its comedy, its human quality, its half fearful watching of the foreign scene."

Reporters on the leading papers of the land tell the stories of men and events in their respective areas. There are brilliant examples of war correspondence, stories of unemployment, disasters, science, crime—the whole gamut of the news content of a newspaper, down even to obits and routine beat stories.

"This is," again quoting from the preface, "the book of reporters. All over America reporters toil every day to make the life of their times vivid in what they write. Often they perform, under pressure, little miracles in their vital recording of scenes, people, events. We take it all casually and they remain obscure. Perhaps this anthology will be regarded as a tribute to their unpretentious work."

Tribute, indeed, it is. This volume, as others edited previously by Dr. Mott, demonstrates again that reporters turn out good copy—very good writing filled with vitality; that they write a swiftly moving, revealing and intensely readable account of their times.

Good journalism of a period is throbbing, pulsing history, as "Headlining America" proves. If more history were written and presented in this manner there would be fewer failures in history classes.

War of Nerves

THE STRATEGY OF TERROR. By Edmond Taylor. Houghton Mifflin Co. 2 Park St., Boston. 278 pp. \$2.50.

In this timely, significant volume, Edmond Taylor, a correspondent in Europe since 1928 and from 1933 to December, 1939, head of the Paris bureau of the Chicago Tribune, portrays for his readers a battle-front which he holds no war correspondent has adequately covered—the "battle-front of the mind, where ideas and ideologies, propaganda and emotions, clash in ordered ranks, disciplined like soldiers."

"On this front," he declares, "there is no truce; here war never ends. It was

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Book Bulletins

PUBLICITY AND DIPLOMACY, by Oron James Hale. D. Appleton-Century Co. 486 pp. \$4.

This scholarly and significant study by Dr. Hale, assistant professor of history at the University of Virginia, is an investigation of the quarter century from 1890 to 1914 in which three elements in modern political society co-existed for the first time and operated with a minimum of restraint—manhood suffrage, popular literacy and the modern newspaper press.

Taking England and Germany as examples, he seeks to determine how this combination of factors affected their public relations. To do this, the technical apparatus of newsgathering, transmission and publication are examined, along with personnel and practices.

The study traces the corrosive publicity from controlled or uncontrolled sources which set the stage for World War No. 1. This work sets the stage for the "war of nerves" of which Edmond Taylor treats in his "Strategy of Terror," which has marked World War No. 2.

PRESS PASS, The Autobiography of a Woman Reporter. By Kathleen Ann Smallzried. E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York. 340 pp. \$3.

Other journalistic jills have written of the thrills, problems and experiences both trying and amusing in being the wives of foreign correspondents, of serving as correspondents in their own right, of hobnobbing with the great and near-great in metropolitan centers, the glitter of Broadway, etc., but it has remained for Miss Smallzried to pen a lively account of the role of a woman reporter on the home front of small-city America.

She was reporting school and local news for the *Citizen* in her home town of Wabash, Ind., while still in high school. Then she landed a job with the *South Bend News-Times* and stayed there until a new owner trimmed her salary so thoroughly she told him what he could do with his job and walked out.

Out of journalism as she wrote the book, she wants to get back into the picture—and may have done so by the time you read this. Judging by her book, that's where she belongs—back in the city room!

raging before the first gun spoke; it will still be raging when the diplomats of Europe gather under the chandeliers or by some lakeside to dictate or negotiate a peace."

Mr. Taylor, in dealing with the "war of nerves" in Europe, covers the period of tension dating to the summer of 1938, the formal outbreak of the war in the fall of 1939 and the first months of the war.

His work makes more understandable some of the seemingly impossible and improbable things that have marked the nightmare that has followed.

Arctic Epic

ONE MAN AGAINST THE NORTH, by David Irwin with Franklin M. Reck. 244 pp. Thomas Y. Crowell Co., New York. \$2.

This is the simple, straightforward account of one of the most thrilling stories ever to come out of the Arctic—the trek of a young Michigan man in his early

twenties alone across the top of the world.

Dave Irwin, with his dogs, traveled 3,600 miles in three years through unnamed mountain passes and across the forbidding and unhabited Barren Lands. For six months he saw no human being. He nearly lost his life in the undertaking but survived to bring back a story and pictures of Eskimo life, which he has presented frequently from the lecture platform since.

There was no need for him and his collaborator, Franklin Reck, to force this story, to needle the strong brew of adventure it is. They let the story unfold itself quietly but nonetheless compellingly through months of fun and hardship. It's a story men and boys particularly will like.

Franklin Reck, editor of the *American Boy* magazine, is one of the country's outstanding informational writers for young people. He is the author of several books, numerous short stories and articles, devoting his attention in the latter field particularly to illuminating sports articles.

Books and Authors

The newspaper career of Moses Koenigsberg began at the age of 13, when he became a reporter on the *San Antonio Times*. Since then he has been a reporter or editor on more than 30 newspapers, has organized or managed nine newspaper syndicates. He was an American delegate to the first League of Nations press conference. Much of his experience was in close participation in the Hearst enterprises. His autobiography, "King News," will be published by Stokes Nov. 8.

The 1940 Atlantic Novel Prize of \$10,000 has been awarded to Mrs. Antonina Riasanovsky of Eugene, Ore., for her novel, called "The Family." The prize winner was one of the last manuscripts to be received, while four serious contenders for the prize had turned up long before. It is not a regional novel but the story of an exiled White Russian family composed of brave and amusing people set against the background of Tientsin, China, where they have fled. The author is herself a White Russian and lived in Tientsin after she was forced to leave her native country. She has been living in the United States since 1938 and took out her first papers immediately. This is her first novel and will be brought out by Little, Brown & Co. next September. Mrs. Riasanovsky has decided to use her maiden name Nina Fedorova in her literary work.

Misunderstanding of the importance of the individual scene is the stumbling block which prevents most amateurs from becoming successful short story writers, according to Walter S. Campbell, University of Oklahoma professor, who under the pseudonym "Stanley Vestal," has written scores of successful stories. Professor Campbell tells how he did it in "Writing Magazine Fiction," released July 12 by Doubleday-Doran.

We Office Boys

[Concluded from page 4]

Fort Worth *Star Telegram*) the sports department was short-handed. The office boy then was Weldon Wright (now assistant telegraph editor). It was practically impossible for Reese to cover city sports fully, and therefore Wright took up the sports writing job for experience. Then Wright moved into the AP wire room to allow him more time on sports and M. E. Silas B. Ragsdale handed me the reins to the office boy position.

FOR two months I groaned at my chores, which were simple enough. I sent copy up chutes; delivered pictures and letters. I was disillusioned. The glamor of the city room had backfired on me.

Then, unexpectedly, the telegraph editor's assistant quit and Wright was shoved up quickly. Suffice to say the experience he had gained from sports reporting enabled him to fill the telegraph desk job.

Wright's promotion left the sports desk in a hole. There wasn't enough full-time work for two men, but on certain days of the week two were necessary. It was fall—football season. In Galveston there are four football teams necessitating coverage. Outside of the grid sport there are golf tournaments, fishing, softball, basketball. You can imagine a sports editor's worries. Still, Van Fleet had handled the job with a cub and Reese tackled the job on the same basis.

Naturally I buttonholed Reese the same night of Wright's promotion and began my sojourn on the sports desk along with my office boy duties. Sure, I'd seen basketball, football and golf matches. But a sports reporter is supposed to know more than the fan. He's supposed to have the inside track on the athletes.

I'll remember forever the first football game I reported. Did I get a by-line? Of course, that was the only out Reese had. Or the entire sports department would have been given the heave-ho. That by-line proved my incapacities and simultaneously gave Reese the insight to my future work. He kept me on the desk.

AS an office boy, I am making a little over \$60 a month. Not much of a salary for a guy to chirp about, is it? But slowly I gained that sought-after prestige around the office. I had an expense account, made-out of town trips with the football squads. Friendly with the majority of high school athletes, I picked up information that the paper would never have gotten. Meanwhile, I performed my office boy duties efficiently.

Outside of work on the sports desk I decided to cut in on the money flung around by the various feature services. Every city has something that is news to the American reading public, and the feature syndicates are begging for that kind of material. That's another point for an aggressive cub sports reporter and office boy to remember.

I recall a sand-sled story I wrote for

Reese. It was used with pictures and therefore Reese cut the story down considerably. I rewrote the piece and mailed it to the AP feature service. M. J. Wing, editor of the AP syndicate, informed me that the pictures were not suitable but that he would buy the story. It ran, datelined Galveston, under a four-column head. I got three dollars for it.

Those are my methods of making the editorial room conscious of this copy boy. Soon you'll notice that the reporters speak to you in more pleasant tones when they know you have ambition and are really trying.

When a sports editor tells you to round up a feature story for Sunday, and when that story is printed it carries your signature (which doesn't imply that the feature was so lousy that a by-line was the only salvation), then you're on the right track.

Everything slants to the fact that any office boy on a fairly progressive paper, or even on one that has hit the skids, has the opportunity to acquire valuable experience if he's willing.

Perhaps the boss might run into this and be convinced that an office boy has some ambition. Perhaps he might do something about it.

EUGENE SCHOOLEY (Illinois '32) recently purchased the Bement (Ill.) *Register* from Dr. Burris Dickinson (Illinois Professional), now president of Eureka College, Eureka, Ill. Schooley has managed the *Register* for Dr. Dickinson since the latter purchased it in 1935 from Charles E. Logan (Illinois '33).

Purdue Sponsors Newspaper Day

Indiana newsmen gathered at Purdue University on May 17 for the annual Newspaper Day program sponsored by the PURDUE chapter of Sigma Delta Chi. The afternoon symposium on "Present Trends in Journalism" drew both student and professional newspapermen for a series of four discussions. Speakers on the subject were:

"From the Weekly Viewpoint," Allen Bailey, Editor, Delphi (Ind.) *Citizen*.

"From the District Daily Viewpoint," George W. Stout, Editor, Lafayette (Ind.) *Journal-Courier*.

"From the Metropolitan Viewpoint," Norman Isaacs, Managing Editor, Indianapolis *Times*.

"From the Press Association Viewpoint," Bennett Wolfe, Indiana Manager, Associated Press Bureau, Indianapolis, Ind.

Banquet speaker was Gordon Enders, author, globe-trotter, adventurer, presently a lecturer at Purdue, and former foreign correspondent in the Far East, who told the newsmen that "in my wild guess" Great Britain and France might be crushed by German mechanized forces within the next two months.

Allen Bailey, editor of the Delphi *Citizen*, was initiated into Sigma Delta Chi as a professional member. Prof. J. H. McKee, Purdue adviser, presided at the afternoon symposium, and Don G. Terrio, chapter president, acted as toastmaster for the banquet.

PAUL MORRISON (Drake '39) is now employed as assistant night telegraph editor on the Cedar Rapids (Ia.) *Gazette*.

Southern Publishers Become Members of SDX



Five outstanding Southern publishers were inducted as professional members at the annual spring initiation and banquet of the University of Georgia chapter of Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalistic fraternity. This picture was made just after the initiation ceremony and includes (left to right) John E. Drewry, director of the Henry W. Grady School of Journalism; Maynard R. Ashworth, publisher of the Columbus (Ga.) *Ledger-Enquirer* newspapers; Col. Harry M. Ayers, publisher of the Anniston (Ala.) *Star*; Quimby Melton, publisher of the Griffin (Ga.) *Daily News*; Milton L. Fleetwood, publisher of the Cartersville (Ga.) *Tribune-News*, and formerly president of the Georgia Press Association; Jack Reid, Athens, senior in the School of Journalism and retiring president of the university chapter of Sigma Delta Chi; and Thomas Frier, editor of the Douglas (Ga.) *Enterprise*.

Heads L. A. Chapter



Neal Van Sooy

Editing and publishing his Azusa (Calif.) Herald, heading the California Newspaper Publishers Association and the Los Angeles Professional Chapter of Sigma Delta Chi keeps Neal Van Sooy fairly busy these days, but he still finds time to attend a lot of conventions and add to his already imposing list of warm friends in journalism.

LOUIS T. GRIFFITH (Georgia '39) has acquired ownership of the Eatonton (Ga.) Messenger. He served as a graduate assistant on the faculty of the Henry W. Grady school of journalism at the University of Georgia last year.

J. CAMERON SIM (North Dakota '22), acting head of the department of journalism at the University of North Dakota, will serve as instructor in journalism at Alabama next year.

LAURENCE R. CAMPBELL (Northwestern Professional), during the past year assistant professor in the University of Illinois school of journalism, recently was appointed to the committee on standards for motion pictures and newspapers of the National Council of Teachers of English and during 1940 will represent Illinois on the executive council of the National Duplicated Paper Association, headquarters of which are at Central Normal College, Danville, Ind.

STANLEY M. SWINTON (Michigan '40) is now working in the Detroit Bureau of the Associated Press.

FREDERICK S. SIEBERT (Wisconsin '23), professor of journalism at the University of Illinois, will join the faculty of the Medill school of journalism at Northwestern University Sept. 1. Siebert has also resigned as secretary of the Illinois Press Association, and PROF. R. R. BARLOW (Wisconsin '18) of the U. of Illinois school of journalism has been named to fill out the term of office.

ROYAL H. RAY (Ohio University Professional) will return to the faculty of Ohio University this fall. For the past three years Mr. Ray has been teaching journalism and advertising at Rider College, Trenton, N. J., and doing graduate work at Columbia University.

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Norval Neil Luxon Winner of 1939 SDX Research Award

MINNEAPOLIS — Norval Neil Luxon, professor of journalism at Ohio State University, Columbus, has been awarded the 1939 Sigma Delta Chi prize for "the most outstanding journalistic research" completed between Oct. 1, 1938, and Sept. 30, 1939.

The award, carrying a \$50 cash prize, was made for Prof. Luxon's exhaustive study of the famous *Niles Weekly Register*, an important American periodical of the first half of the nineteenth century. Prof. Luxon made the study as a part of his work toward a degree of doctor of philosophy at the University of Southern California.

Prof. Luxon is the fifth winner of the award, made annually by Sigma Delta Chi, national professional journalistic society. Previous awards went to Prof. O. W. Riegel of Washington and Lee University, Prof. Ralph O. Nafziger of the University of Minnesota, Dr. Alfred M. Lee of New York City and Dr. Frank Luther Mott of the University of Iowa.

In announcing the award, Prof. Mitchell V. Charnley, Department of Journalism, University of Minnesota, chairman of the Sigma Delta Chi Research Committee, said that "this study, representing an impressive and exhaustive amount of patient digging into the beginnings of American weekly journalism, is an important contribution to the understanding of the press in this country. It provides a pattern for further studies of the same nature."

Other members of the committee are W. S. Gilmore, editor, the *Detroit News*; Dr. Chilton R. Bush, director, Division of Journalism, Stanford University; Dr. Fred E. Merwin, School of Journalism, Syracuse University; and Cyril Arthur Player, former editor of *Barron's Weekly*.

The Research Committee is now considering entries for the 1940 award. Journalistic researches completed in manuscript form or published during the year from Oct. 1, 1939, to Sept. 30, 1940, are eligible. Researchers wishing to enter works in the contest should send copies of them to Prof. Charnley with statements of the time at which they were completed or published.

DR. BURRUS DICKINSON (Illinois Professional), former member of the University of Illinois school of journalism faculty and publisher of the *Woodford County Journal*, at Eureka, was installed as president of Eureka college on June 9.

PAUL BUMBARGER, (Missouri '32) has been named managing editor of the *Ames (Iowa) Tribune*.

GEORGE SEIDL (Iowa '33) is on the city desk of the *Salt Lake Tribune* of Salt Lake City, Utah. He formerly was with the *San Louis Obispo (Calif.) Telegram-Tribune*.

A. WILLIAM ENGEL, JR., (Penn State '40) has accepted a position with Harrisburg (Pa.) *Evening News*.

Wins SDX Award



Norval Neil Luxon

Prof. Luxon, of Ohio State University, has been awarded the 1940 Sigma Delta Chi Research Award.

DR. LAWRENCE W. MURPHY (Wisconsin '21), director of the University of Illinois School of Journalism since 1929, has resigned this position because of ill health. Dr. Murphy will retain his status as professor of journalism and devote more time to teaching and research. The school of journalism will be administered temporarily by a committee.

VINCENT S. JONES (Georgia '40) has joined the staff of the Jackson (Ga.) *Progress-Argus*.

ROY A. BROWN (Stanford Professional), publisher of the San Rafael (Calif.) *Independent* and the Sanger (Calif.) *Herald*, was elected president of the National Editorial Association June 21 at the organization's convention held in New York City. WALTER H. CRIM (Indiana Professional), retiring vice-president of the association, presided over the convention in the absence of the president, HOWARD PALMER, who was kept from the meeting by illness. C. L. RYDER (Syracuse Professional), publisher of the Cobleskill (N. Y.) *Times*, and W. VERNE MCKINNEY (Oregon State '23) of the Hillsboro (Ore.) *Argus*, were elected directors. ARNE RAE (Oregon '22) is executive secretary of NEA.

DOZIER C. CADE (Northwestern '39) is now with the Tuscaloosa (Ala.) *News*.



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No Time for Politics!

DURING the present presidential campaign the press must not play politics!

It is unfortunate that the campaign had to come at this particular time in history—a period when the American people should be united as never before—when every effort and necessary sacrifice should be made to gear the nation's productive and protective forces into high speed. Yet, to have abandoned the election, as some suggested, would have been unthinkable.

It is to be hoped that the newspapers of America will realize the responsibility that is theirs in the campaign—that they will meet the challenge to the very utmost of their ability. This is a time for facts, straight thinking, honest opinions and constructive criticism. It is no time for recrimination, unjust accusation or insinuation. No time for politics as such.

Let the individual newspapers take whatever stand they desire in their editorials but keep their news columns open to full, fair and comprehensive accounts of issues, men and events of the campaigns. Let there be no more of the tactics employed in the last campaign when, as we understand, the paper that boasts of being the world's "greatest newspaper" failed for six weeks to even mention the name of the President of the United States.

There is one thing the press and politicians must realize in this campaign—that it isn't parties themselves that interest the majority of the American people at this time! They want to know that every effort is going to be expended in the months ahead to make America safe for the future of themselves and their children. They are willing to pay for it—they demand that the steps be taken.

They want the best man possible to head the nation during the next few years. They want to know what each candidate stands for, what he intends to do, with what sort of men he will surround himself in the very significant months ahead when the whole future of the country is at stake.

They want to make up their minds which candidate to choose for the job—and they have a right to expect that a free press in a free country fulfills its job of helping them reach their conclusion.

Let there be no failure of the press in this campaign as there was in many instances four years ago!

Banish Boredom!

THE job that American newspaper correspondents have done in trying to sift and present the truth of the world-shaking events in Europe and Asia is one to make every newspaperman proud. They have faced tremendous odds, banishment, imprisonment, hardship and death itself to portray to American readers the fate of democracies abroad.

Meanwhile, on the home front, things have been happening to the newspapers they serve. The news itself has been dramatic enough, Heaven knows, but its presentation has not always been. There has been so much happening—and so fast—that, unless some planning in regard to presentation and interpretation has been made, the reader has faced a difficult task trying to digest all he has had to consume.

More and more newspapers are turning to editorial experiments in makeup, grouping, interpretation and presentation in an effort to make their papers more attractive, more efficient and more interesting. Out of their efforts are coming many things which are spreading to other papers. That is as it should be—only more papers should be participating in the research and experimentation.

AS WE VIEW IT

A Recipe for Newspapermen

HERE'S a modest suggestion for the reporter, editor and publisher who would keep his feet on and his ear to the ground—who wants to keep in touch with his readers.

There is nothing that should do the metropolitan newspaperman more good than to hie himself to some mid-west county seat town of not more than 7,500 or 8,000 people. He should arrive during the week, when things aren't usually so busy and just visit with everyone he can.

Listen, mainly, and let the local folks do the talking.

The visit should extend through Saturday night, when the streets of a town deserted through the week become as congested as Times Square in New York City. He should walk through the crowd, push into the stores—and listen, listen, listen.

Then he should return to his metropolitan newspaper job on a bus or a day coach—again just watching his fellow travelers and listening to their idle chatter as well as their views.

Boring, you say, or a dismal recipe for a week end! Not if you want to do your job, Mister Newspaperman. Those folks constitute some very important vertebrae in Uncle Sam's backbone. Thousands like them are to be found in almost every big city—small-town folks who have been drawn there for one reason or another.

They may not be as smart nor as sophisticated as the set with which you travel—they may not know all the answers nor be as quick with the wisecrack—but they are the sort of honest, sincere, hardworking folks who made and still make up the bulk and strength of America today.

They are the folks who read the newspapers you help produce—and you really ought to know them better.

Balkanized Borders

AMONG the many major problems confronting America at this time is one that has attracted considerable but still far too little attention—the fact that the states of these United States of America are fast becoming Balkanized.

All sorts of bars are being set up at state boundaries—principally to protect some privileged or specific group. All sorts of restrictions and impediments as to transportation, commerce, and, in some instances, free individual passage across state lines, are becoming common.

One state, to protect its own brewers, tries to discriminate against the beer of another state. The fruit growers of one section try to gain some legal advantage over the fruit growers of other states. The wine growers of one state get a bill passed in the legislature which tends to place the wines from other states at a disadvantage.

Where is all this going to stop? Is the day fast approaching when every car and every truck must stop at the state line and pay customs duty, obtain tourist permits, visas and passports to cross the boundary?

The problem is a serious one—one that every newspaper should be watching, reporting and speaking editorially about. Not only because such tactics threaten the advertising revenues of the individual papers (why should a product be advertised in a state where every effort is made to discourage its sale through state legislation?) but because in the end it threatens the union and solidarity of the people and the nation itself.

AT DEADLINE

[Concluded from page 2]

"Burgin was on the Milwaukee *Sentinel*, under the new regime. His associate was the splendid Harry N. Cary. One day Nieman made fun, in the Milwaukee *Journal*, of Burgin. He called him a poor, bloodless weakling who was as fragile as an unsalted wafer and would crumble if you touched him, who acted like a hornless, hopeless hermaphrodite, or words to that effect. There were no newspaper ethics in those days, and the words journalism and journalist had never been heard of, at least in Milwaukee.

"As soon as the paper got out and reached Burgin there were doings. I was sitting in Nieman's office talking to him, when in strode the little anemic, namby-pamby Burgin, as we thought him to be, foaming at the mouth and ferocious. Behind him, to see that he got fair play, closely followed Harry Cary.

"Lute Nieman, who was about five feet nine, rather fat, and somewhat bald, but older and bigger than Burgin, also wore spectacles. He was sitting in a swivel chair and swung around to see who was coming in. He found out. Burgin at once began to pummel him on the head and wherever he could reach him. I undertook to separate them, and Harry Cary and I got into a mixup. Finally Burgin thought he had given Lute Nieman enough of a beating, so he left the office. Harry Cary protected the rear.

"I remained with Nieman. As soon as we had his nose patched and picked up his broken spectacles, he said to me, 'Think of that damned little sissy-pup licking me! It's a disgrace and an outrage, but I certainly admire him!'

"That showed Nieman's mettle and sportsmanship. He and Burgin afterwards became personal friends. They were both thoroughbreds.

"Burgin was a Harvard man, so Nieman, who had never been in a school in his life, except a newspaper office, which is the best ever, selected Harvard for his Journalism Foundation."

WE liked this example of brevity, contributed by John Canning, Jr., of Albia, Iowa:

"A British fledgling reporter," he narrates, "had been reprimanded frequently for his over-long accounts and told to be brief. His next story was turned in as follows:

"A shocking incident occurred last night. Sir Reggy Blank, a guest at Lady Briny's ball, complained of feeling ill, took his hat, his coat, his departure, no notice of his friends, a taxi, a pistol from his pocket and, finally, his life. Nice chap. Regrets and all that."

MARIE BEYNON RAY, in her new testament for tired people, "Two Lifetimes in One," tells a tale of Sinclair (Red) Lewis. She says that once she spent a week with him and his first wife at their home in Fontainebleau, and that during

her visit the only thing that could lure "Red" from his dugout was an occasional game of tennis.

He worked at writing incessantly, and sometimes at lunch, if he happened to stop for lunch, he startled the guests by acting like one of the characters he was writing about. She tells of one afternoon when they all went to visit a sick friend of "Red's." "Red" entertained them for half an hour with impromptu Babbitties that would have been swell in the book.

Someone, as someone inevitably will, said, "I don't see how you do it!

"Lord, it's no effort," he said. "It rolls out like thread off a spool. To think the darn fools pay me for what I'd do for nothing!"

WHAT does a man who has covered crime stories for 45 years think about crime, its motives, the space devoted or given to it in the newspapers, etc.?

We turned with interest to Charles E. Still's "Styles in Crime," published by the J. B. Lippincott Co., in which the veteran crime reporter of the New York *Sun* reviews some of the sensational crimes that have made headlines during his career, for the answers.

He attributes the higher ratio of crime in New York and the United States generally, as compared to that of older countries, to the line of social stresses—"those new social stresses not yet adjusted to a smooth pattern."

Crime has its place in the news, he says, "because there is scarcely a living person, honest with himself, who cannot join in Doctor Johnson's apostrophe to the passenger in the hangman's cart—"There, but for the grace of God, go I."

THE three passions of jealousy, revenge and ambition, in one or another form," he says, "are never far behind the most heinous crime or the most trivial one."

The gang, as known from time immemorial, he finds to be disappearing. The passing of prohibition, he feels, "wiped out the last profitable excuse for a gang in New York."

Crime is going to continue, he adds, but it will be a different kind of crime, always based on the three old motives listed a few lines back.

What about graft?

Having known "despicable corruption" in the New York police, he reports finding "always there have been decent, earnest, hard-working men in both government and police who, by their mere presence, have kept corruption from getting out of hand."

DOWN in Orlando, Fla., where he's doing a lot of interesting things with his weekly paper, the Orlando *Times*, bought some time ago after years in the daily field, W. M. Glenn, one of the founders of Sigma Delta Chi, professional journalistic fraternity, recently celebrated his 25th anniversary as a Florida newspaperman.

Trying to figure his wordage in that period, he noted:

"Well, let's see—the hand that is picking and pecking out this has written approximately

27,865,000

words in 25 years of Florida newspapering or the equivalent of

310

regular, novel-size, 90,000 word books. On top of that, the same hand has written checks for approximately

\$936,000

to Florida newspaper workers in all departments, editorial and back shop, advertising and circulation departments, and what hasn't a newspaper."

That's quite a total, you'll agree!

Col. Bill, by the way, wrote an interesting piece for *THE QUILL* recently under the title "So I've Bought a Weekly."

WALTER N. VERNON, JR. (Southern Methodist '31), an assistant editor of Church School Periodicals with the Methodist Church at Nashville, Tennessee, was editor of the *Daily Christian Advocate* for the South Central Jurisdictional Conference of the Methodist Church, held at Oklahoma City, May 28-31. He also served as special correspondent at the Conference for the Dallas (Texas) *News*.

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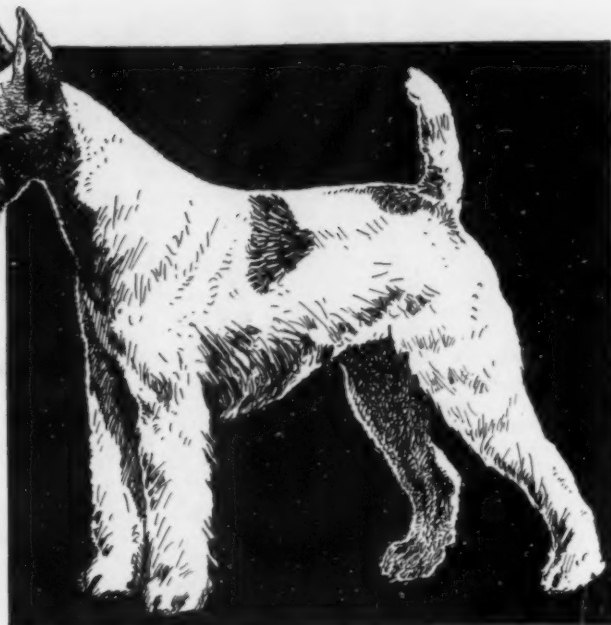
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WHAT'S

WRONG with
this Terrier?



If you do not answer on the dot, you are no judge of pedigree. As an aristocrat of his breed, his form is good, head fine, markings OK—BUT—MAN, MAN, LOOK AT THOSE EARS! They should be down, of course.

In this age of shifting traditions, lightning-like transitions, change of pace—"ideas" that seemed good yesterday are dodo-obsolete today. This applies as definitely to newspapers—their departmental procedure, mechanical set-up, form, typography, approach to increased advertising revenue.

Preoccupation tempts many of us to near-efficiency, although one fundamental fault may weaken every other "pedigreed" system on the day's job. Knowing all there is to know in *our own immediate* field isn't enough. What are all newspapers doing everywhere, in all departments? What's new—that you were not aware of? What successful tricks have leaders up their sleeves?

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